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ODE TO A NEW INFANT.

Alas, poor little kid,
How young and fresh you are!
You can not chew your quid,
Nor smoke the vile cigar.

But you can lie in bed,
And bellow like a calf,
And wag your hairless head
Until you make us laugh.

And you can howl at night,
And make your poppy bound
From bed in costume light,
And tote you round and round.

And you can kick and scream,
And have the gripes and colic,
And wake us from our dream
With noises diabolic.

Ah, frisky juvenile,
Though joyous now you be,
With milk and castor oile,
And pap and catnip tea,

The time at length will come
When you must "up and git,"
And earn your daily crumb,
By toil or trade or wit,
Just like the rest of us.

—*Ephraim Muggins, in Puck.*

STORY OF A SLAVER.

Its Mate's Regrets and Self-Congratulations.

He was leaning against a pile of lumber, the sunshine dropping its warm blessings upon him and the breezes of the bay kissing his ruddy face, which was fringed with silver whiskers. He was an ancient tar, too old now for work, but not too aged for reminiscent reverie. His keen eyes were fixed upon the dancing waters before him, upon the lazy ships that lay at anchor here and there, and upon the distant hillsides. He was a perfect picture of contentment, and it was quite obvious that, like all old men who have passed a life of hard work and usefulness, he was living now in the past. It seemed almost a sacrilege to disturb him, but the pleasant features which shone from beneath the tarpaulin, which he still insisted upon wearing, as if out of respect for days gone by, assured the reporter that the old man would not resent an abrupt intrusion upon his self-communings. So he advanced and saluted him with "good day."

"And the same to you, young man, the same to you. This is a fine day, sir, and I allers love to creep down by the water when the sun shines like it does to-day and the winds come in brisk and chipper. I don't mind the bit o' chill that's in 'em, either, for old as I am I don't feel the cold nigh as much as do the young 'uns who've never been outside o' Californy."

After chatting pleasantly with the old sailor for a short time, the scribe noticed that he kept his gaze almost constantly on a ship that was riding at anchor not far distant. Finally curiosity prompted the question as to why he seemed so particularly interested in the vessel, which resulted in the recital of a story that proved to be deeply interesting.

"Well, my boy," he began, "that there ship recalls many things that I love to think of now. I made three passages around the Horn in her and crossed from New York to Liverpool twice on her decks. But it isn't particularly of the voyages I think of when I look at her, although they had their ups and their downs, their sunshine and their shadow; but lookin' on that ship makes me think o' one o' the best masters that ever walked a quarter-deck and one o' the best sailors that ever gave a command. He was allers a stickler for dis'pline, but he never bullied a sailor man, nor turned his back on him whenever he had anything to say. I don't think there was anything in his life he regretted save one thing."

"And what was that?" inquired the reporter.

"Well, it's a long yarn, but if you want to hear it I'll tell it. It was away back in '60, just before the war broke out, that I shipped aboard a rakish little craft that was billeted for the Indies. The skipper's name was Gordon—a dapper little fellow, full of pluck and nerve and a first-rate sailor. His first mate's name I shan't tell, because, as you will see, I took an oath to myself once that I wouldn't. But he was the man who afterward commanded that there ship out there that you see me lookin' at. Well, we cleared from New York in due time, on the vessel I was speakin' about just now, but instead o' goin' to the Indies we headed straight for the coast o' Africa. Though I was a young feller, I knowed well enough what that meant, but o' course, as we were all in for it, I couldn't say anything, and didn't. We dropped anchor in the quiet little bay o' some town whose name I forgot. It wasn't much o' a place, for there was nothin' there but a lot o' thatched huts, with niggers hangin' around 'em. There was one hut that was bigger'n the rest, and I afterwards learned that the Governor of the place lived in it. The day after we anchored Skipper Gordon went ashore and was gone three or four days, leaving the first mate in charge of the vessel. One day while I was loafin' aft trying to catch a breath o' fresh air, for it was hotter'n a furnace on that coast, the mate came along and says to me: 'Tom, how do you like the Indies?' There was a smile on his face as he spoke, so I said: 'O, pretty well,' and I gave him a wink. He didn't say anything more, but walked for'ard as if thinkin' hard about somethin'. It set me to thinkin', too, for I knowed we was there to take on a cargo of niggers, and I thought about what might come if we should get overhauled by a United States cutter on the high seas goin' back. But there was no use kickin' against things then, or thinkin' about the future. Matters couldn't be mended nohow, and so I quit mopin', and settled down to take the chances.

"On the fourth day Skipper Gordon came on board. Shortly after we seen a whole lot o' niggers come down to the shore. They was all as black as coal, and hadn't much o' anything on to cover their nakedness. Pretty soon a lot of small boats loaded with niggers put out and came alongside the ship. They were unloaded and dumped below, where everything was ready to receive 'em. Well, to make a long story short, when they got through we had nearly six hundred niggers below hatches. They was all stowed away like herrin's in a box. Then we trimmed ship and sailed away. Our course lay for several days due east, and the skipper kept a sharp lookout all the time, I can tell you. I don't exactly remember what latitude we was in when we sighted a sail far astern, but I know it sent Skipper Gordon aloft with his glass in hand. He must have been up in the cross-tree for nearly an hour, and durin' all that time he never once shifted that glass from the little speck on the distant sea. When he did come down he called his mates and hurried into his cabin. They was all in there about half an hour, when they came out and gave orders to set every stitch of canvas. All hands went to work, and in a short time the ship was drivin' through the water with studdin'-sails, sky-sails, royals and sky-scrapers all bellied out with the stiff breeze. But, all the same, the vessel astern was gainin' on us.

"When the skipper seed this he whispered to his mates, and the first we knew orders were given to bring the niggers up from below. They were brought up in squads and chained together with heavy cables. When the first squad was fixed Skipper Gordon ordered the crew to toss 'em overboard. It went against the better feelin's 'o the men. I can tell you, but it had to be done, 'cause if we'd a refused we'd likely as not been shot down. Well, sir, squad after squad of the poor niggers was chucked overboard in this way, until maybe there warn't more than a hundred left below. Then we seed that the vessel astern was nearin' us rapidly. She was chasin' us, and I knowed she was a revenue cutter. Jest then the skipper had another talk with his mates, and pretty soon the latter came aft and ordered the small boats o'n their davits and us sailors to take to them. The mates took charge o' the two boats. After putting provisions and water in 'em we pulled away. I heard the first mate beggin' the skipper to go with him, but he wouldn't do it, and so when we pulled off in the open sea there wasn't a soul aboard the slaver but Skipper Gordon and the niggers below.

"It was a good many years after that before I heard any thing about the fate of Skipper Gordon and the ship. When we pulled away we could see her until night set in, but the next mornin' she was nowhere. Our small boats met a clipper ship on the third day, bound for Liverpool, and the mates told a yarn about us bein' wrecked, and we were taken on board. At Liverpool we all parted company; but as I say, some years afterward I chanced to ship on a vessel whose skipper was the first-mate of the slaver. He recognized me, and we had a long talk about that voyage to the Zanzibar coast for niggers. Then he told what had happened to Skipper Gordon. It seems he stayed aboard the ship till she was taken by the other vessel, which proved to be a government cutter. The slaver was convoyed to New York, and the war was goin' on then, and things was hot. Gordon laid in that there jail for over two years. He was tried a couple o' times, but the jury disagreed each time. They went to him and told him they'd give him his liberty if he'd tell who fitted him out for the African coast. But he kept his lips closed and wouldn't tell anything. There was some big men in New York and Boston behind the skipper and they shook in their boots for fear he'd squeal. The skipper had plenty o' money when he went to jail, but he had to buy certain favors and pay his lawyers, so that in two years he was broke.

"He had a wife and little boy over in Brooklyn His wife never missed a day that she didn't go over to the jail and remain with her husband, always takin' the child when the weather was right. But she'd go rain or shine. She was a brave little woman, and fought like a hero for her husband. After awhile the skipper worked it so's that a deputy sheriff used to take him over to his own house on Saturday nights and stay with him until just before daylight on Monday mornin', when the two'd go back to jail. Along toward the last, after the second jury disagreed, they used to let him go home alone. He had to pay heavily for the privilege, though. Several times while he was out on his own hook, the backer of the slaver urged him to quit the country, offerin' him plenty o' money to go with. But he wouldn't break his parole. He was in jail when Lincoln's proclamation freein' all the niggers was made. Then his friends thought he'd get off. When his third trial came off he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

"That was up to within six weeks o' the time when he used to have his freedom to go home o' Saturday nights. His poor wife went nearly crazy when the sentence was pronounced. They got up a big petition for her, and she went to Washington and got down on her knees to Liucoln and begged him to pardon her husband. But he wouldn't do it. So she came back and waited the awful day set for the hangin'. It came, but when they went into his cell to take him out to the gallows they found him kickin' on his bunk. The doctors came, and they said he'd taken poison. They pumped him out. But the skipper never knew anything, and they hurried him out to the gallows to hang him before he died.

"Well, sir, he was game. He never squealed on anybody; but when he was gone those rich fellers, who were afraid he'd tell somethin', just up and left his wife to shift for herself. She opened a little thread and needle store in Brooklyn and made a bare livin' at it. One day, about a year after, there came along a fine-looking man, who called on her. He told her that he was the first mate of the slaver, and that he'd heard she was havin' a hard struggle of it to get along. He told her that Skipper Gordon was allers a big friend of his'n, and he wound up by offerin' to take care of her and her boy by marryin' her. The little woman consented and they got spliced. He was the skipper of that very ship that's lyin' out there, and I afterward sailed with him on her. That's what I've been thinkin' about to-day, my boy. It's a good many years ago, but I like to think about old times nowadays. Bein' mate of the slaver was the one thing the skipper allers regretted. But he got a wife by it, though."—*San Francisco Alta.*

—One of the passengers on the Katahdin on her recent memorable trip was a Massachusetts doctor who had made a specialty of a remedy fo seasickness, which he has recommeded very frequently to his friends, and in the efficacy of which he had the most unlimited confidence. The Massachusetts doctor uses that remedy no more. As the steamer went into Portsmouth harbor he came on deck, and in a sorrowful tone of voice spake thus to one of the officers: "If I ever take any more of that villainous stuff I hope I may be hung and quartered. It made me sicker than a horse.—*Rockland Courier.*

—Mr. Osborn, the only cocoanut planter in the United States, has received by ship from Africa 150,000 cocoanuts. These are to be planted this year along a strip of sea coast many miles in length, down toward the southernmost point of Florida.

A STUPENDOUS BRIBE

The Blair Educational Bill a Venal Offer for the Democratic Birthright.

Of the political questions before the present Congress there is none worthy to compare in importance—none so far-reaching in its possible political consequences as what is known as the "Blair Educational bill." It does not require many words to state the purpose of the measure. It is an act to split the solid South. What the Republican party failed to do with the bayonet under Grant, it hopes to do with bribes under Cleveland. To the Democrats of the South it offers the lion's share in seventy millions of the people's money to be taken with their aid from the public treasury, while it seemingly imposes no conditions upon its acceptance other than that of their co-operation in removing the constitutional barriers which protect the treasury.

But the involved conditions in this most insiduous proposition are inexorable. If Southern Democrats accept the bribe, it can only be at the sacrifice of every principle on which Democracy rests. They must deny their capacity for individual self-government; reject the doctrine of strict constitutional construction and the Democratic axiom that the general Government has no powers except such as are expressly granted to it; it must repudiate the constitutional amendment declaratory of reserved rights in the States and the people and make an unqualified submission to the Republican proposition that while the general-welfare clause remains in the constitution, no act which a majority of Congress judges to be for the general welfare can be unconstitutional. It must put the control of its schools and the education of its children in the hands of the general Government, and join with the Republican party in hurrying forward to the time when a centralized, paternal Government will look after the welfare of a people too weak and unmanly either to care for or govern themselves. It must change the Democracy of Thomas Jefferson for the Federalism of Alexander Hamilton and the Republicanism of the Grants, Blaines and John Shermans.

The bribe can not be taken without a complete repudiation of Democratic principles. The initial effects of the measure may be seen already. In Mississippi, Texas, Tennessee and other states, factions which have since the war adhered to the Democratic party are finding in this bill an issue upon which to divide. The South is poor. It needs money It was drained by a long war, from which it has never recovered. The Federal Government made citizens of its slaves and should educate them for citizens. These are their arguments, but the real argument is the seventy-million shining dollars—the mess of pottage the Republican party offers them for their Democratic birthright.—*St. Louis Republican.*

ONLY VICE-PRESIDENT.

An Account of a Panic Which Struck Republicans at Mention of the "Black Eagle" for President.

The campaign of 1888 is still so remote that there ought not to be much jealousy among the men who are in training for the race of that year. A great many things may happen in two years, and when the two years have passed and the time for nominations has arrived a great many things may not happen.

In spite of all this, however, the recent banquet of the Logan Invincibles of Baltimore came very nearly breaking up in a row because the men present were not of one mind. Being a Logan club, Logan was quite naturally the theme, and every speaker had sounded his praises until a certain man from Maine, named Boutelle, took the floor and made an urgent appeal for the old ticket. He loved Logan and so did every body else, but he wanted him for Vice-President and the man with the waving plumes for President. After that break several others intimated that Blaine and Logan would suit them pretty well, and the assemblage would have degenerated into a pow-wow for the old ticket had not some stanch friend of the great Illinoisan recalled the brethren to the fact that it was on his swarthy brow that the light of the morning was breaking.

It was to be supposed that General Logan in his aspirations for the lead in 1888 would be embarrassed to some extent by the fact of his candidacy in 1884, but such a demonstration as this was hardly looked for in an organization bearing his own name. Mr. Hendricks could always command a Vice-Presidential nomination, and yet the moment he pushed for the lead there was a howl for the old ticket. If the Logan Invincibles are thus stampeded in the green tree, what may be expected of them in the dry?—*Chicago Herald.*

How Evarts Is Drunk.

What's this we hear about Hon. W. Maxwell Evarts? Chairman Hackett, of the Republican State Executive Committee, according to a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, speaks in the following disrespectful terms

The help I gave to the election of Evarts is one of the things I shall never forgive myself for doing. He is eaten up with his own conceit. He has an idea that he can be President. When we wanted to get him to make speeches last fall we had to send delegations of fifteen or twenty men to wait on him with flattery and adulation before he would consent. We got him to go to Syracuse by sending a gang o' twenty Syracuse people to wait on him. He is no use to the party.

And Senator Vedder, the gaudy cockatoo of Chautauqua, who never loved the lean and slippery William any too well, thus flaunts his scorn:

The fellows who voted for Evarts are the sickest lot of men you ever saw. They say that he has played the party for a sucker, and caught it on the first nibble. The trouble with Evarts is what Beaconsfield said of Gladstone: "He is drunk with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

Of what use is it for a Presidential voltigeur to perform for the edification of Michigan Republicans, when his own party in the great Empire State rises up behind him and accuses him of "playing it for a sucker?"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

——Secretary Whitney is resolved to guard the Government against the wiles and strategems of contractors which have cost the country hundreds of millions of dollars without any thing substantial to show for such expenditures. In his instructions to the Board on the new cruisers he says: "The point to be reached is making the specifications and plans so detailed and definite that the contractor and the Government have their rights specifically defined. This is the only way to insure close bidding. The contractor ought to be able to take his contract and specifications and plans and read them as he would read a book and go to his yard knowing precisely what he has to do to comply with his obligations."—*Albany Argus.*

AN HONEST PAPER.

The Bomb Which President Cleveland Has Thrown into the United States Senate—Senator Edmunds' Consternation.

For three months the Republican majority of the United States Senate has been strutting around in executive sessions with a large number of Presidential nominations in its pocket and a chip of defiance of the Presidential prerogative on its shoulder. Yesterday the President took notice of the challenge and threats of his would-be tormentors in a spirited and decisive message that fairly startled poor Senator Edmunds into the belief that he was back in the days of his younger manhood when Charles I. was King. Visions of Runnymede, the magna charter, the bill of rights, the ship tax and *Punch's* essence of Parliament danced before his seniscent eyes. But, notwithstanding Senator Edmund's ire, the people of the United States will be thoroughly gratified at this new proof that they have a man in the White House who within the fair lines of his office is determined to be every inch a President. There is a ring of honest courage about the manner in which Grover Cleveland states his convictions that adds weight to the blunt logic by which he sustains them. He does not waver a hair's breadth from what he considers his constitutional right to make removals for cause. He invites the Senate to exercise its constitutional supervision of the nominations submitted to it and asks a fair scrutiny of his appointees. That he has made mistakes he is willing to admit. He acknowledges the binding force of his ante-election pledges and challenges the Senate to show wherein they have been disregarded. He stands manfully by his year's record, made in the face of disaffected Democratic friends and malignant Republican foes, and promises to continue to fulfill the promise of good government upon which he was elected.

It will bother the Republicans of the Senate mightily to reply to this message. The record of their party on the Tenure-of-Office act is such that it virtually estops them from consistent criticism of the President's position. When Lincoln was inaugurated removals of Democrats from office were made with rapidity and without interference. It was not until Johnson began to replace Republicans with Democrats that the Tenure-of-Office act was passed. The first bill introduced in the Senate after Grant's inauguration was one to repeal this act, and the second was one by Senator Edmunds to amend it. March 9, 1869, Ben Butler introduced and rushed through the House, under suspension of the rules and the previous question, a repeal of the act, and on every division in accomplishing this lightning feat Congressmen (now Senators) Allison, Conger, Hale, Cullom, Dawes, Logan and Hoar voted with the candid Ben. The Senate amended this bill for repeal, but after conference it was passed in a shape that emasculated the original Tenure-of-Office law into the present impotent conclusion. When the conference bill was before the House Mr. Logan made a spirited speech concerning it that should range him in the ranks of the President's supporters in the present struggle.—*Chicago News.*

A LABORING MAN.

The Unceasing Strain Put upon Our Faithful and Industrious Chief Executive.

There has been a renewal of the reports that President Cleveland's health is failing, but there is no foundation for such statements. He is in his usual health, although his working hours are from nine o'clock in the morning until two o'clock at night, with slight intermission graciously allowed him for lunch, dinner and a drive. It comes from the White House, however, that he is convinced he should find some way to get more time to himself than the present very lax rules of the executive mansion allow him. When he entered the White House he was overwhelmed with work, as he naturally expected to be, and devoted the days to the reception of visitors and the long hours of the night to labor without complaint. But a year has now elapsed and the President finds himself unable to shorten his long day. This is not due so much to the actual amount of work he is called upon to accomplish as to the fact that his time is frittered away by thoughtless and inconsiderate callers.

When the time came for the preparation of his annual message to Congress the public's hours at the mansion were reduced, and during November he had more time to himself than in any other month since he entered the White House. After Congress met, however, he found it necessary to return to his previous habit of giving up pretty much all the time during the day to visitors. Between 10:30 and 1:30 o'clock he accords a reception to every person who has business with him. It makes no difference whether the visitor wishes to see the President on the most trivial subject or the matter is of grave import, the sending in of his card gains admission to the library and in due course of time a personal talk with the President receives in a body those persons who simply wish to pay their respects, and if his devotion to visitors ended here there would be and could be no cause for complaint, but it does not. Senators and Congressmen return again during the afternoon, sometimes with office-seekers, sometimes with relatives, sometimes with constituents and rarely with a good reason.

The result is that four or five o'clock arrives before a single matter of public business has received that attention the President feels in duty bound to give it. An hour's ride in the afternoon and an hour for dinner are followed by five or six hours of as hard work as any man could well be asked to undertake when refreshed in the morning, much less at the close of a long and fatiguing day. His health has endured one year of this strain, but it is a question if he can hold out through his four years without breaking down. Absolutely the only exercise he gets is when he descends from his carriage during his afternoon rides and takes a short walk along some unfrequented road. It is almost certain he will have to confine his office hours to the morning so as to give him more time in the afternoon.—*St. Louis Republican.*

——No bill before Congress more deeply affects the people of this State than an inter-State commerce bill; and it matters very little whether a beginning is made under the Cullom bill or under the bill that Mr. Reagan has long advocated in the House. Each would inaugurate a National system of control as to inter-State traffic. Neither is perfect, but either would furnish a basis for such amendments as experience would suggest.—*Atlanta Constitution.*